Volume LXII CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 25, 1909 Number 26

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

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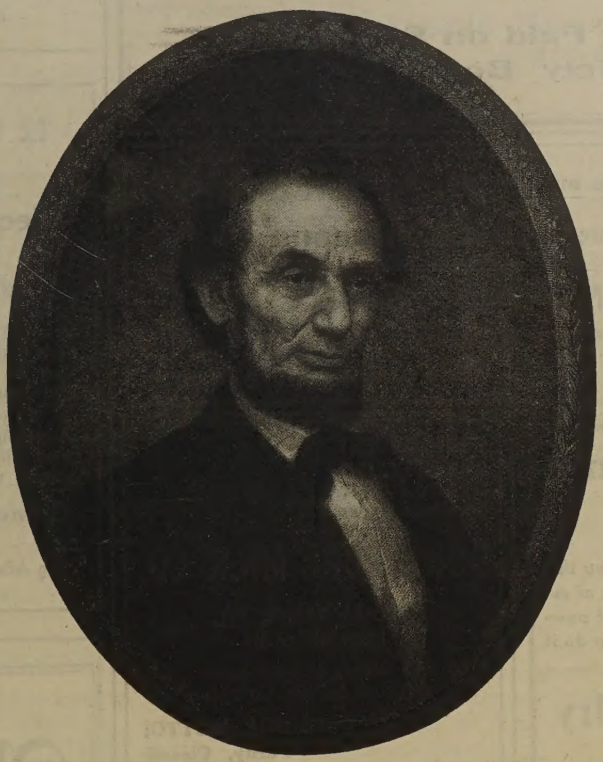

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXII THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1909. NUMBER 26.

Nancy Hanks Lincoln
Born, 1783
Married, June 12, 1806
Died, October 5, 1818

O MOTHER NIGH-FORGOTTEN.

"God bless my mother! All that I am, or ever hope to be, I owe to her." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

The empires aged and vanished;
The centuries unrolled;
A New World rose from shadow,
New cycles to unfold.

Again the heavens yearned downward;
Again, in winter wild,
The self-same stars were watching
A Mother and a Child;

Another manger-cradle,
And oxen standing by,
And humble folk low bending
To catch a baby's cry.

O little knew the Mother,
Madonna of the West,
How Fame and Fate were watching
The babe upon her breast!

The boy her heart had prayed for,
And loved so mother-well,—
No dream foretold him Savior,
The land's Emmanuel.

No angel-vision showed her
The spirit's growth in grace,
The wisdom and the stature,
The patience in the face.

She heard no song of captives
In rapture of release;
No praising world acclaim him
God's Messenger of Peace;

Nor saw, across the Aprils,
A form upon a rood,
And a great nation shaken
With grief and gratitude;

Nor felt the four winds throbbing
With distant birthday bells,
As, South and North commingling,
One surge of gladness swells.

O Woman of the birth-pangs,
Mother, who never knew,
With battle-scars outfaded,
Our faces turn to you!

O Mother, nigh-forgotten,
Today, amid our joy,
A land all thanks remembers
The Mother of the Boy!

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

UNITY gives over its entire space this week to a report of the banquet held at its home at the Abraham Lincoln Centre on Saturday evening, February 13, 1909, as its contribution to the great Centennial, the spontaneous celebration of which, by all classes and conditions of men, in all parts of the globe, is a convincing witness to the essential soundness of human nature, the fundamental sanity of society, the sure growth of democracy and the unity of the race.

The Lincoln Banquet at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

As promised last week, we give below as much of the addresses as could be caught by our stenographer's pencil and can be reduced to cold type; but no reporter or compositor can translate the beauty of the scene, the cordiality of the wide fellowship there represented, and the enthusiasm that kept growing from the beginning to the end. Emerson Hall and the adjoining rooms were never so taxed before. The maximum possibilities of the floor for banqueting purposes were tested and upwards of 280 guests were seated at the tables, without counting the half-hundred waiters and ushers who were served to a full banquet of their own on the sixth floor before their work began on the fourth.

The room was beautifully trimmed with flags, with Leonard Volk's bust of Lincoln at one end and a newly painted oil portrait by Mr. Brooks, the Chicago portrait painter, at the speakers' end.

After the company was seated the corps of waitresses, consisting of the young ladies and girls of the Centre, in white, with red, white and blue shoulder sashes, marched in and took their positions, singing "Bringing in the Sheaves," the company heartily joining in the chorus. After a word of greeting from the Chair, the company arose and sang Mr. Hosmer's Memorial Hymn already published in UNITY, and the Rev. C. A. Beals of Boston spoke the word of prayer, gratitude and blessing.

After the dinner, the toastmaster, Mr. Jones, said:

"Chicago keeps a postmaster for political purposes; it is his business to keep up the party fences and to do the partisan chores, but we have an assistant postmaster who attends to our letters and keeps the complex convenience going. Our postmasters come and go but our assistant postmaster stays from one administration to another; he cannot be dispensed with, and so we have our letters regularly. But it is not as our assistant postmaster that we welcome John M. Hubbard here tonight, though we are not unmindful of his services in that line, but as the campaigning voice, the singer of war-times and the original and inimitable interpreter of "Old Shady" in Chicago, whose song he will now sing."

Mr. Hubbard then rendered the old war-time song, and the company joined with increasing fervor in the chorus.

The Toastmaster:

The more I ponder on the story of Abraham Lincoln, the deeper and deeper I read into the history, the more I am impressed with the cruel neglect and gross injustice to the memory of Nancy Hanks and Thomas Lincoln. It was a cheap way of glorifying the great President by the early biographers, that of discounting his ancestry and minimizing his privileges, and their shallow estimate still tyrannizes over us. I am persuaded that when the proper perspective of history is obtained and the historic material, meager as it is, is adequately studied in the cold light of critical science, we shall find ample reason to believe that in Nancy Hanks we had a tender and beautiful character. So I asked our friend Gannett, a poet tender and true, to respond to the toast of Nancy Hanks Lincoln. He lives in Rochester, N. Y., and could not afford the time and strength for travel. But poetry does not need incarnation; I beg to begin the program of the evening by reading Mr. Gannett's lines. (They will be found in an adjoining column.)

The Toastmaster:

I baited my hook for some more metrical interpretations of the too easily dismissed Thomas Lincoln and the always approved, blessed step-mother, Sallie Bush Lincoln, and threw it among our poets, but without result. Some day the ballad of Thomas Lincoln will be written and the benignity of the step-mother, who "always understood me," will be crystallized into a great sonnet, and both will become classic.

I am persuaded that by the tests of the new pedagogy, which considers the man educated who can do things, Thomas Lincoln was a better educated man than many of his critics. For he built, largely with his own hands, five different homes, as I count them, rescued his fortune from the bottom of the Ohio river, carried his wife and two children, with but one horse, perhaps more than a hundred miles through the wilderness, chopped his way through eighteen miles of forest, anticipated the postoffice by seven or eight years, established a home forty miles from a doctor, one hundred and fifty miles from a preacher, won the love and confidence of two noble women, and, last but not least, fathered Abraham Lincoln.

Last fall I was privileged to visit, in her own home, Mrs. Chapman, daughter of Dennis Hanks, and her son, Mr. Robert Chapman, the present postmaster of Charleston, Illinois. Mrs. Chapman spent many weeks at a time in the home of Thomas Lincoln, and in his later days he was a welcome guest at her own fireside in Charleston, the county seat of Coles county. She said, "He was a dear, quiet, lovable old man. I never sat down to a meal at his table without his invoking the divine blessing, and in his later years he found much comfort with his newspaper and Bible, which he read hours at a time." I invited Mrs. Chapman and her son to be present here tonight. We would have been proud to welcome them, but failing this privilege, the following letter will interest you:

"Charleston, Illinois, Feb. 9, 1909.

"Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones,
Chicago, Ill.

"Dear Sir:—

"Just returned home and found your letter awaiting me. I thank you for both my mother and myself for your kind message, as also for your very kind invitation to be with you and take part in your ceremonies on the occasion of your celebration of the anniversary of Lincoln's birth.

"I regret very much our inability to be with you on this occasion, but my mother's age and feebleness prevent her leaving home, and I find it impossible for me to leave my business at this time.

"There is no question but the charge so commonly made that Thomas Lincoln was ignorant and indolent is false, and I am just as anxious as you can possibly be to have this error corrected, but, although I know it to be false, a mere statement of this fact from me would amount to nothing.

"The time for me to gather statements from persons who personally knew Thomas Lincoln and other evidence disproving this charge, is too short for me to do so in time for your use on this occasion, but I promise you I will devote myself to this task at an early date, and as soon as possible make publicly known the real facts.

"Please convey the thanks of both my mother and myself to your association for your kind invitation as well as our regrets and hearty congratulations.

"We both hope we may have the pleasure of having you with us again. Sincerely yours, Robert A. Chapman."

The Toastmaster:

Once in this position I would indeed have been indeed between two thorns. The father of the man on my right was my commanding officer; I, the humblest private in the line in front of Vicksburg, honored the great commander then, revere his memory now, and it is with peculiar emotion that I present to you General Frederick D. Grant, the son of his father.

(The entire company rose to their feet to welcome the speaker, with cheers, waving of handkerchiefs and tear-dimmed eyes. When quiet was restored, the General spoke as follows):

General Grant:

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: First, I want to thank you for your cordial greeting, which I appreciate very gratefully. I have talked a good deal lately to men, but my training as a soldier has made me feel that it is not proper to talk much before the superior officer. I do not refer to my friend, Mr. Jones; I was thinking of the many ladies here. At home I talk very little.

The song just sung, "Old Shady," brought back to my mind the commencement of the Vicksburg campaign; my father's cook was called "Shady." On the 22nd of April, 1863, he had brought his command, all except those belonging to the 13th corps, General McClernand among them, who had already been down to the Mississippi, towards New Carthage; all the others were collected at the headquarters at Milliken's Bend; he gave them directions to follow and outlined their campaign; Shady, the cook, had his guitar and sang that song. Next day the army marched forward to fight those great battles attended with the surrender of Vicksburg, and I might say we captured the father of our young friend on the left [Blewett Lee] whom I had the distinguished honor of meeting several times on the road.

It was my great good fortune to be with my father, close at his side, much of the time during the Civil War, when I had the opportunty of seeing and listening to many of the noble and distinguished men who were loyally serving their country during that great struggle; thus I had the honor and happiness of seeing and meeting our revered and martyred President, Abraham Lincoln.

In looking back to those dark days of the Civil War, I have distinct personal recollections of the first two meetings between President Lincoln and my father, General U. S. Grant. These two occasions seem to my mind the most momentous and memorable in the history of our nation, as these meetings marked the beginning of the end of our great struggle for the existence of our nation.

The principal and determined efforts of President Lincoln's administration were directed to the preservation of the Union, which naturally could not be ac-

complished without the success of the Union armies in the field. Up to the spring of 1864 the progress of the Civil War had not been satisfactory to the people of the North, and little success had been accomplished, except in the victories at Donnelson, Vicksburg and Chattanooga.

After the campaign of Chattanooga the president and the people of the United States turned impulsively to General Grant as the leader of the Union Armies, and a bill was introduced in Congress, reviving for him the grade of Lieutenant General, which grade had died with Washington, though Scott had held it by brevet. The enthusiastic members of the House of Representatives received the bill with applause. They made no concealment of their wishes and recommended Grant by name for the appointment. The bill passed the House by a two-thirds majority, and the Senate with only six dissenting votes.

President Lincoln seemed impatient to put Grant in this high grade and said he desired to do so to relieve himself from the responsibilities of managing the military forces. He sent the nomination to the Senate, and General Grant, who was at Nashville, received an order from the Secretary of War to report in person at Washington. In compliance with the order he left Chattanooga on March 5 for Washington, taking with him some members of his staff. My father also allowed me to accompany him there, I having been with him during the Vicksburg campaign and at Donnelson. He reached Washington in the afternoon of March 7, and went direct to Willard's Hotel. After we had made our toilets my father took me with him to the hotel dining-room. There I remember seeing at the table next to where we were seated some persons who seemed curious and who began to whisper to each other. After several moments one of the gentlemen present attracted attention by pounding on the table with his knife, and when silence was secured he arose and announced to the assembled diners that he had "the honor to inform them that General Grant was present in the room with them." A shout arose, "Grant! Grant! Grant!" and the people sprang to their feet, wild with excitement, and three cheers were proposed, which were given with wild enthusiasm. My father arose and bowed, and the crowd began to surge around him. After that, dining became impossible, and an informal reception was held for perhaps three quarters of an hour, but as there seemed to be no end to the crowd assembling, my father left the dining-room and retired to his apartments. All this scene was most vividly impressed upon my youthful mind.

Senator Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, ex-Secretary of War, soon called at Willard's Hotel for my father, and accompanied him, with his staff, to the White House, where President and Mrs. Lincoln were holding a reception.

As my father entered the drawing-room door at the White House the other visitors fell back in silence and President Lincoln received my father most cordially, taking both his hands and saying, "I am most delighted to see you, General." I myself shall never forget this first meeting of Lincoln and Grant. It was an impressive affair, for there stood the Executive of this great nation, welcoming the Commander of its armies. I see them now before me, Lincoln, tall, thin and impressive, with deeply lined face, and his strong, sad eyes; Grant, compact, of good size, but looking small beside the President, with his broad, square head and compressed lips,—decisive and resolute. This was a thrilling moment, for in the hands of these two men was the destiny of our country. Their work was in co-operation for the preservation of our great nation and for the liberty of man. They remained talking together for a few moments and then General Grant passed on into the East Room, with the crowd that surrounded and cheered him wildly, and all present were eager to press his hand. The guests present forced him to stand upon a sofa, insisting that he could thus be better seen by all. I remember that my father, of whom they wished to make a hero, blushed most modestly at these enthusiastic attentions, all present joining in expressions of affection and applause. Soon a messenger reached my father calling him back to the side of Mrs. Lincoln, and with her he made a tour of the reception rooms followed by President Lincoln, whose noble, rugged face beamed with pleasure and gratification.

When an opportunity presented itself for them to speak privately, President Lincoln said to my father: "I am to formally present you your commission tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, and knowing, General, your dread of speaking, I have written out what I have to say and will read it, and it will be only four or five sentences. I would like you to say something in reply which will soothe the feeling of jealousy among the officers and be encouraging to the nation." Thus spoke this great and noble peace-maker to the General who so heartily coincided with him in sentiments and work for union and peace.

When the reception was over at the White House my father returned to Willard's Hotel, where a great crowd was again assembled to greet him and remained with him until a late hour of the night. After the crowd had dispersed, my father sat down and wrote what he intended to say the following day in receiving the commission promoting him to the Lieutenant-Generalcy and to the command of the Union Armies.

Father proceeded to the White House a few minutes before ten o'clock the next morning, permitting me to accompany him. Upon arriving there, General Grant and his staff were ushered into the President's office, which I remember was the room immediately above what is known now as the Red Room of the Executive Mansion. There the President and his Cabinet were assembled, and after a short and informal greeting, all standing, the President faced General Grant, and from a sheet of paper read the following: (The speaker held up the paper.)

"General Grant, the Nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains to be done in the existing great struggle, are now presented, with this commission, constituting you Lieutenant General in the army of the United States. With this high honor devolves upon you also a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add that with what I here speak goes my hearty concurrence."

My father, taking from his pocket a sheet of paper containing the words that he had written the night before, read quietly and modestly to the President and his Cabinet. (The speaker again showed the paper.)

"Mr. President, I accept the commission with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought in so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving upon me, and I know that if they are met it will be

due to these armies, and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

President Lincoln seemed to be profoundly happy and General Grant deeply gratified. It was a supreme moment when those two patriots shook hands in confirming the compact that was to finish our terrible Civil War and to save our united country and give us a nation without a master and without a slave.

From the time of these meetings the friendship between the president and my father was most close and loyal. President Lincoln seemed to have absolute confidence in General Grant, and my father always spoke of the President with the deepest admiration and affection. This affection and loyal confidence were maintained between them until their lives ended.

I feel deeply grateful to have been present when these two patriots met on the occasion when they loyally promised one another to preserve the Union at all costs.

I preserve always as a treasure in my home a large bronze medallion which was designed by a distinguished artist at the request of the loyal citizens of Philadelphia, upon the happy termination of our great Civil War, and which is a beautiful work of art. Upon this bronze medallion are three faces, in relief, with the superscription: "Washington the Father, Lincoln the Savior and Grant the Preserver," emblematic of a great and patriotic trinity.

(Long and continued applause.)

The Toastmaster:

I wish I could tell you, General Grant, the truth I feel and know, that in this response to your word and this appreciation of your presence you may read the growing respect and abiding honor which we in common with a grateful nation, North and South, feel for your father.

The father of the man on my left was commanding forces on the other side, who were firing at me. Some years ago when a large delegation representing the Confederate Army came to Chicago to dedicate the noble shaft in Oakwood Cemetery, which marks the resting place of four thousand or more unnamed Confederate dead, it was my privilege to ride beside the father of the man on my left as provisional Chaplain from the North in the dedicatory ceremonies. He might have said to me then as the venerable General Longstreet did at the reception given to the representatives of the lost cause at the Palmer House when I said to him in the reception line,—"I dodged many of your bullets, General." Promptly came the response, "I was not firing at you, sir." Let us remember tenderly tonight that the last ounce of strength that Stephen D. Lee had to give was spent in doing the honors of the South to representatives of the northern army, which once he had conscientiously opposed and to which he had as conscientiously surrendered. This last exertion of cordiality carried him to his grave.

I have learned to know and love this young man on my left in his own personality. In the fulness of time I expect to shift to his shoulders a part of the responsibilities and privileges of the Abraham Lincoln Centre. Tonight we welcome him as the representative of the country that honors Abraham Lincoln; not the South, his old home, nor the North, his new home, but the entire country; aye, the entire world. I have pleasure in presenting Blewett Lee.

[The company rose to welcome Mr. Lee, with prolonged applause and manifestations of delight and cordiality.]

(Mr. Lee.)

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: It was my father's privilege before his death to honor the memories of Abraham Lincoln and General U. S. Grant; it is my privilege to know and honor Robert T. Lincoln and General Frederick Grant, and I share with my father the happiness of having known and honored Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

This meeting tonight has been to me a great lesson in patriotism and a great lesson in history; I feel that nothing I could say would be worthy of such an occasion and such an audience. At the time when I was born it was not an easy thing to find a southern man who would give public expression of praise to Abraham Lincoln; there was a great deal of bitterness in the South in those days. There had been great loss, great devastation, and great misgovernment following Mr. Lincoln's death. Last Sunday I was reading what southern men are saying about Mr. Lincoln; they were the earnest words of many men; every one breathed the same message of love and admiration for Mr. Lincoln. It would be just as hard today to find a southern man who would not honor and praise Mr. Lincoln as it would have been in the year I was born to find one who would. That change in the feelings of southern men towards the man who conquered them is the greatest honor that has been done to the memory of Abraham Lincoln since his death. That change of feeling not only honors Mr. Lincoln, but it honors the southern people also.

Mr. Lincoln was too great a man for any part of the country to claim him. But I want to say that the southern people have a peculiar feeling towards him in that he was born in Kentucky and that he came of Virginia stock, one of the "second families," as Mr. Lincoln liked to say. Mr. Lincoln was very southern in his characteristics, too. There are two things which somewhat distinguished the South of those days. In the first place, the South was rather a frontier country; the southerner was a farmer; he loved the out-of-doors. Mr. Lincoln was an open-air man; he was a man of the forest and the prairies, of the great spaces and the deep shadows. And then, he had a southerner's large and leisurely ways. He liked to hear songs. His cabinet used to be very impatient about his stories. It is said that Mr. Stanton used sometimes to get up and leave when Mr. Lincoln started a story. If that had been a cabinet of southern men they would have sat and listened to Mr. Lincoln's stories all day long. The southerner had been reared in the presence of the negro race; the presence of the bondman had made him sometimes too imperious, had made him a born ruler. He fixed his ambitions on the career of a soldier or statesman. Mr. Lincoln had that strong sense of personal honor. We forget that he once accepted a challenge to fight a duel with swords. One time when the wrath of the Pesident was aroused by some persistent office-seeker, he picked the man up bodily and put him out of the room. We remember that Mr. Lincoln was a captain of volunteers, and that he said that position gave him more pleasure than any other he ever held. He was a born ruler of men. When he entered his Cabinet, there was a number of great men in it who thought themselves far better fitted than he to run the country; one of them offered to do it for him. Soon every one found his place, and the country found that one of the greatest rulers in the history of the world was in the presidential chair at Washington.

It is wonderful today to think with what infinite

tact he won over to the Union side the border states; when that was done, the conflict was really decided. And with what skill he avoided complications with European powers. There never was a man who filled a nation's need better than did Abraham Lincoln.

The first General Grant said that Abraham Lincoln was the most just friend the South had, and I think that is true. One of the last acts of Abraham Lincoln was preparing a message to Congress providing compensation for the emancipation of slaves. When Mr. Lincoln submitted that draft to his Cabinet, not a man of them would agree to it. At last he said, "You are all opposed to me," folded up the document and never signed it or sent it to Congress.

Mr. Lincoln had one of the most trained and cultivated senses of justice that any man ever had; he looked upon the emancipation of the slaves as a great act of military necessity, just as the destruction of any other property would have been. That was very far in advance of the men of Mr. Lincoln's time and very far in advance of most of us at this time.

Another thing,—Mr. Lincoln was not in favor of universal suffrage to the black race; he favored the extension of suffrage to those negro troops who had fought in the Union army and to certain others who through intelligence were qualified to exercise the important prerogative. There is very little doubt today that the plan which the tactless President Andrew Johnson tried to put through, of restoring the southern states promptly to their old place, was Mr. Lincoln's. There was only one man in the country who had the public confidence and political sagacity sufficient to put through a plan of that kind, and when Mr. Lincoln fell by the assassin's bullet, a great wave of popular indignation and rage which swept over the country made that plan impossible. The dykes of sectional strife were cut and the great waves rolled over the South. When Mr. Lincoln fell, the clock of American progress was set back for a period of ten years. [Jenkin Lloyd Jones, "Fifty years."] Fifty years. I am rightly corrected.

I do not think these things would have endeared him so much to the people of the South as the personal character and history of the man. It is not possible to read the story of Mr. Lincoln's life without loving him. There is something infinitely pathetic in this gifted man so eager for learning, denied everything but the very rudiments of education; in this man so deeply religious, persecuted and accused of infidelity; in this man so tender and loving, deprived by the hand of death of his first love; in this man borne down all his days by the crushing weight of poverty; in this man working for fourteen long years to pay the old debts of Lincoln & Berry.

In one of his early addresses to his constituents he said that if they did not see fit to elect him it would make very little difference; he had become so used to disappointments. That man was so tempered by sorrow that "the steel could bend to the hilt and then straighten and thrust again"; that man was so trained by personal misfortune that when the time came to bear the woe of a whole country, his shoulders were strong enough to meet it. There is no life, to my mind, which so vindicates the ways of God with men as the life of Abraham Lincoln; that so explains the purpose of pain and the significance of evil as the life of this man who learned life's perfect lesson.

The time has come that he foresaw in his first inaugural, when the mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot's grave to every heart and hearthstone, have been indeed touched by the better angels of our nature and are swelling everywhere the chorus of union. But they are swelling, too, the chords that stretch from Gettysburg and Springfield, with majestic and immortal music to the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

Tonight as a man southern born, speaking in the city which Lincoln loved, and which honored him greatly, living and dead, I would lay a leaf of palm beside the Northern pine,—a spotless magnolia beside the white rose of the North. He came from us to you. He was the best we bred. He lived among you a life which was noble and stainless. His fame belongs to us all. The South gave Abraham Lincoln and kept Robert Lee. But the Mother never forgets her sons.

When Mr. Lincoln died it was as though Glory had said, What shall I do for my beloved son that men may never forget him? Then, she said, He shall die like Caesar, in the hour of his perfect triumph; he shall die like William the Silent, in the hour when he has saved his country. And so he passed from us and took his place among the everlasting stars. Enter, Abraham Lincoln, into thy immortal destiny. Long as men shall live upon the earth, thy pathetic story shall wring from their hearts the tribute of love and tears. Those who strive for freedom shall remember thee, and he that struggles alone up towards the light shall be comforted by thy wondrous story. Little children shall sound thy praises with early breath, and old men who love their fellows shall speak to them of thee. Wherever the people rule, thy name shall be glorious; whosoever shall die for a noble cause shall remember thee; wherever love of country is dear and pure devotion is prized, wherever character counts above all, wherever men know the innate dignity of the human soul, wherever men are uplifted by great examples and are exalted by sublime sacrifice, thou wilt be remembered. Enter into thy everlasting dominion over the minds and hearts of men!

(Great applause.)

The Toastmaster:

To you, my friend and brother, I am sure again I speak for these friends when I say that this response is not simply in appreciation of yourself and your tender words, but of the great big South, for which we have a large place in our hearts and of which we have high hopes.

Mr. Lee has spoken of that leisurely element in Mr. Lincoln that enabled him to find recoil in song and story. A truce for a few hours tonight from the corroding hurry of Chicago; let us rest in the sense of leisure. I am going to ask Miss Jennie Johnson to sing for us one of Lincoln's favorite songs. This phase of Lincoln's character was little understood, or rather grossly misunderstood. When under the awful strain that followed the battle of Antietam he was riding over that gory field he asked Colonel Lamon, once known as the singing sheriff of Sangamon County, then provost-marshal of the District of Columbia, for that sweet, sad little song he loved so well. The newspaper reporters caught some fragments of the distorted story, and the next day the New York dailies lampooned the President who "mocked the solemnities of the battle field with flippant song." The mocking flippancy was on the other side. There is none now to misinterpret the burden of that great heart or begrudge him the relief that may have come from this pensive song.

Miss Jennie Johnson then sang "Twenty Years Ago, Dear Tom."

The Toastmaster:

Thirty years ago when I was Pastor at Janesville, Harry Anderson ran the best barber shop in the town and the most popular string band in that part of the state. The band went up and down southern Wisconsin playing for dances and parties, among which were the dances of All Souls Church; for All Souls Church in Janesville, as All Souls Church in Chicago, believed in dances and practiced the faith. The members of that string band have since become famous. The boy who played the 'cello has become Dr. Dan Williams, who has won renown in surgery; Dr. Charles Anderson is a practicing physician, highly esteemed; Dr. C. L. Bentley is a dentist, well known in the profession throughout the country. Alfred Anderson has become the Secretary and much of the directing brain of the Provident Hospital, while Harry Anderson is still the willing hand and the kind heart that keeps the wheels oiled and going around at the hospital. The only fault I find with him is that the rheumatism interfered with his playing his violin at our "Calico Dance" last Wednesday. It is a source of great joy to me as well as of much significance, to think how these four colored boys have risen out of the Janesville barber shop to positions of such efficiency and usefulness. Were it not for his painful modesty, the mantle of Paul Laurence Dunbar might have fallen upon the shoulders of Alfred Anderson, who will now read us an original poem.

Mr. Anderson:

MANDY'S TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

Dair jes' wus me an' Mandy on de place hyeah all alone,
De chillin dat wus livin' had all lef' us w'en dey's grown.
W'd saved a lil money, an' w'en Mandy said to me,
"Afore de Master calls us daih's one place I'd lak to see;
De restin' place of Lincum," w'y I somehow couldn' speak,
Jes' drawed huh close beside me, kissed de teahdrops f'om huh cheek.
I knowed she couldn't stan' de trip, but let huh hab huh way,
And so we reached de sacred spot a yeah igo to-day.

De snow was lyin' on de groun', de win' was raw an' col'.
I put my coat aroun' huh 'cause she's feeble lak an' ol'.
De sun cum out ob hidin' an' de ol' red, w'ite an' blue
Wus wavin' proudly overhaid, an' actin' lak it knew
Dat Mandy, deah ol' Mandy, so good, so kin' an' brave,
Had cum to put some posies on ol' Marsa Lincum's grave.
An' kneelin' daih upon de groun', she off'ed up a prayeh
Dat mus' have teched de heart ob de recordin' angel daih.

An' as I led huh f'om de place de flowehs seemed to smile,
She un'erstood, an' answered back, 'In jes' a lil while.'
De springtime cum an' mockin' birds were singin' as befo',
An' ivy vines a clingin' still aroun' de cabin do'.
But Mandy neveh heahs de birds, er knows de ivy creeps,
In yonder chu'chyard wid huh hands across huh bres' she sleeps.
An' so I'm strewin' flowehs on huh grave de ve'y way
She did on Marsa Lincum's, jes' a yeah igo to-day.

(Great applause.)

The Toastmaster:

The record of the Janesville string band is sustained.

I know of one who was a "pickaninny" waif during war time; one in whom a northern officer became interested, attached him a time to the battery which he commanded, and then shipped the little chap north and he found a welcome place at the hearthstone of Lieutenant Laing's home; the father and mother took him in. He won their confidence and they opened up the privileges of America to him. He became an alumnus of Ann Arbor, a lawyer of confidence and standing, a judge by the appointment of the United States. I take great pleasure in presenting to you S. Laing Williams.

(The company rose to their feet in welcome. Much applause.)

Mr. Williams:

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: If I had a becoming sense of modesty it would be difficult for me to try to speak after so flattering an introduction. I have been a member of this church so long and have sustained such cordial relations to its members that I sometimes really forget that I am a colored man and persuade myself that I am an every-day American citizen.

Of course, on an occasion of this kind, where Abraham Lincoln is the theme and the inspiration, you will all agree that it is entirely proper to have a little color in the program. I have listened to the speeches and have read the editorials and magazine articles during the past month upon this great occasion, and as I have listened to these great eulogies I have persuaded myself that it will be utterly impossible for anybody in the future to hate their enemy or hate their neighbor. The great achievement of Abraham Lincoln was emancipation, and those who love Lincoln and cannot love his work are not patriots, are not true friends of Lincoln, and are not good citizens.

What have we been doing during the past forty years? What have we done to justify the sacrifice of this great nation that culminated in the emancipation of the black race and in the death of Abraham Lincoln? Has it been worth while? Have these once chattels shown themselves worthy of the sacrifice, and have they made any progress in winning the respect of Anglo-Saxon America? What have they done? Infinitely more than was ever expected of them.

In the first place I want to say, and I think you will all agree with me, that no people were ever so severely tested as these people whom I have the pleasure of representing. Tested in what way? What did you do? As if by a stroke of a pen you thrust these millions of people into the great body politic and bade them be equal citizens to the best you have in this country without an hour of preparation. Did they fail? Of course they failed, and who would not have failed under like circumstances? We know the horrors of reconstruction as indicated and hinted at by Mr. Lee. But, my friends, remember this,—the fault was not with us but with those ugly patriots who attemped to exploit these untrained people. The sins of the reconstruction are upon the heads of those white men who went South for the purpose of using the colored men as tools to exploit the South! And we are blamed for it. Who was at fault? A right answer to this question will some day be made and our people are not afraid of the answer. But these people who are the beneficiaries of Abraham Lincoln's great administration and death, they did not commit the political sins that halted our progress towards citizenship; the sins of reconstruction were not committed by ignorant negroes but by educated Anglo-Saxons. What have we done to justify the sacrifice? I am justified in saying that these people have shown a strong democratic spirit, an instinct, because they first realized that in order to become good citizens they must be educated, and the battle for education began immediately, even before the close of the war, and that passion has never yet ceased. They have worked night and day; they have worked through poverty and persecution in order

to get a schooling. And as a result of this forty years of effort they have succeeded in overcoming sixty per cent of the illiteracy. If those men who went down there as statesmen to use the negro vote had carried to the South the same spirit as the New England school ma'am who went down there with her books and Bibles, we would not now have much of a race problem in this country. There is nothing in the history of the progress of a people that is more interesting and pathetic than the passion for education in the early years of reconstruction. At this very hour in the South, away back in the remote districts, far from railroads and far from civilization, we see slips of girls who have some scant education, collecting these dark children of misfortune into little hovels, sometimes without doors or windows, and teaching these poor children of misfortune to push their way up into liberty, into happiness and independence. It is a picture that would touch the heart of every American if he could but see it and feel it. They have justified the faith that Abraham Lincoln had in them by the sacrifice they are making to educate their children up towards citizenship.

But, my friends, what have the American people done? What is the attitude of the American people today towards the colored people who have tried and are trying and have succeeded in educating themselves? What do we want today? All we ask as American citizens is the right to be all that we can be, through education, character, and ability to contribute to the greatness of our country. All we ask is the right of a man; you must know that it is utterly impossible for a man to be satisfied with half liberty. Let me plead with you as Americans to get rid of this nightmare, this unworthy fear of the thing you call social equality.

Some of our southern people have gone mad on this question. And yet it is but nightmare without substance. What we want is rights. We cannot enforce or prevent social equality by law or by hatred. We simply want and are determined to be good American citizens; we want a fair chance, we want to serve our country—serve it in the military field, in politics, as educators, as economists. Are we permitted to do this? It is a very good thing, a very generous thing, to contribute money for the education of these colored people in the South, but it seems to me a very unkind and unjust thing when that boy or girl becomes educated and comes here, equipped for service, and asks for a chance to make his way in the world and is turned down because of his complexion. I do not believe that is fair; I do not believe you think it is so. I believe that out of the enthusiasm for Lincoln and out of the great spirit of fraternity which certainly must be engendered, we have a right to hope that in the very near future a more liberal spirit will take hold of the hearts of the American people and enable us as citizens of this republic to realize all that is best and all that we deserve as American citizens; realize the victories that have been fought on the field of battle, in the field of education, in economics, which becomes us as American citizens.

The Toastmaster:

I hold in my hand this brass candle-stick, these snuffers and these spectacles, which were once the property of Dennis Hanks, on whose grave, which I found last fall in the old cemetery of Charleston, overgrown with briers, are inscribed the words, "The tutor of our martyred President." These interesting relics were donated last week to the Abraham Lincoln Centre by our friend and neighbor, Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, who obtained them from Dennis Hanks and who now wishes them to be deposited among the treasures of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, which Mr. Gunsaulus says is the noblest monument yet erected to Lincoln. Dennis Hanks assured Mr. Gunsaulus that "The first piece that ever was writ by Abe to speak was writ by the light of a candle in this candle-stick." Abraham Lincoln did write, and did write masterly English. His illiteracy has been overworked. Mr. Lincoln was a man of letters; was a man of books, and the final estimate of him must come from a man of books. I know of no man more adequate to the task, no one better acquainted with books and with men, than the son of my old companion and colleague, Daniel L. Shorey, Prof. Paul Shorey of the University of Chicago, who will next address you.

(Applause.)

Mr. Shorey:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: Mr. Jones is kind enough occasionally to admit me to some part in the fellowship of good times and good work that he inspires here; I am unwilling to decline his invitations, and so I violated the first principle of the scholar's conscience in consenting to address you tonight; for the first duty that a student owes to the public is to speak only of what he knows; and I have no special competence to speak of Lincoln. And so after having been first rewarded for this violation of my conscience by a most delightful evening, I find myself now punished, for I cannot sustain the high and pathetic note to which these ceremonies have been attuned by the singing and speaking tonight. I have no personal reminiscences of Lincoln, no new scholarly investigations to lay before you, no sectional or peculiar race feeling to identify me with Lincoln's work, nothing to give me a claim upon your attention. I am not even going to praise Lincoln, which would be the fitting note for an occasion such as this. I am merely to discourse of one aspect of his life, and that, as many would deem it, the least significant. Lincoln was not primarily a bookman. It was in contact with homely realities and converse with plain people that he developed the combination of kindliness, sagacity and unswerving devotion to truth and right as God gave him to see the right that makes him unique. But because I am myself a bookish person I am to speak of Lincoln in relation to his books and bookishness, and the only preparation I have made is that I did *not* read last Sunday's *Tribune,* but re-read the speeches and letters of Lincoln.

We often contrast the realities of life with the unreality of books, but nothing that is a part of life and experience can really be opposed to life and experience. Books, as Wordsworth tells us, are themselves a real world. "Over that art which you say adds to nature, is an art which nature makes." Demosthenes swore by the warriors who died at Marathon. Lincoln's greatest oath was, "As sure as God reigns and school children read, that black, foul lie can never be consecrated into God's hallowed truth." We may then consider as a part of Lincoln's life, and as a part of the life of any great man whom we study, the lessons it has to teach us about the right uses of books and reading. In an age of print we cannot escape this influence of reading upon our lives. The only result of not reading much, or with care and selection, is that the little we do read, or are told of others' reading, produces an undue impression upon our tastes and thoughts, whether it be the Sunday

Supplement, the Ladies' Home Journal, or only the advertisements on the bill-boards.

Lincoln, at the age of fifty years, spoke of his own education as "defective." But if we look closely at his life we shall find traces of self-education which, even from a scholastic point of view, may be thought to be not inferior to much of the mental dissipation, the coddling and the cramming with pre-digested spoon-fed pap which passes for education in highly esteemed schools. And the tools and the instruments of this self-education of Lincoln were books. What else could they be? A limited number of simple books.

Lincoln, like all effective men, was fiercely ambitious in youth. This ambition was not mainly, though it was in part, the natural human desire for predominance and worldly success; it was more the nobler ambition of self-realization; in theological language, the desire to use rightly the talents that God had given; the noble curiosity to ascertain what we can find out only by trying,—whether the talent is one or five. This ambition it was that inspired Lincoln.

Xenophon gives as a reason for gymnastics and physical culture the thought that a man even though not by nature handsome or strong ought to be ashamed to die before he has seen his body at its best. The same idea is put in a more modern and spiritual way by the German poet Ruckert in a distich which may be roughly Englished thus:

> "A vision haunts us, of ourselves at best;
> Nor till we grasp it can our souls find rest."

It was this passion for self-realization, for making something of himself, that spurred Lincoln on, and the instruments that he found to his hand for a lad in the southern Illinois of the '30's and '40's were books. Books were the only key to the larger world of thought and beauty of all the experience that we sum up in the trite but necessary word *culture*. A pitiably limited number they were; the only means to develop himself for effective action and influence upon his fellows. He made the resolution to read every book within a circuit of ten or twenty miles. Fortunately the supply within the ten-mile limit, though miserably inadequate according to modern ideas, included little mere trash. Had an up-to-date circulating library been at hand, stocked with a complete set of Oliver Optic and the six best sellers, it is quite possible that this Lincoln celebration would never have been held. For in all our provision for the education and the reading of children we are apt to forget two or three great principles which Lincoln's dealings with books illustrated: First, that too much undigested reading in early life is as dangerous as too much undigested food; second, that a vital ambitious child will read something; he will even read good books if he cannot get bad ones, and that the child will, like the rest of us, follow the lines of least resistance and fall back upon a diet of unlimited sugar plums if it can get them.

From these dangers of the up-to-date boy Lincoln was preserved by a healthy appetite for plain food and a lack of any other. In the use of his limited supply of reading he instinctively employed two principles, recommended, but rarely enforced in practice by our pedagogy. In the first place, he read thoroughly; he Fletcherized his reading, so to speak, converting it into bone and sinew, not into fat and flatulent waste. Furthermore, Lincoln read with a direct purpose; he did not read to accumulate inert information, or for the decorative inutilities of mere culture, but to enable himself to do something. It was a very simple but nevertheless a very definite end that he proposed to himself. In later life he advised all young men to form clubs and practice upon one another in debate for self-improvement. He himself at once practiced and applied all that he learned. His first desire was to attain one of those things that have been defined as very little things to know and very great things not to know; his desire was to learn to speak and write correct and lucid English and then to reason clearly and to the point. And it is amazing the extent to which he achieved these two ends in the very earliest portion of his career. His earliest letters and speeches are written in substantially correct English; they are altogether free alike from the old fashioned florid Southern oratory and from the quaint mixture of Bowery slang and sophomoric declamation that too often passes for eloquence in Congress today. He does not strain after epigram, indulge in cheap classical allusion, or mix his metaphors. The question has been raised whether Lincoln was really a great orator. Mr. Bryce says that properly speaking he was not; Mr. Bryan says that he was; it is not for me to arbitrate between two such authorities. But there can be no question that Lincoln was an incomparably persuasive speaker. There has never been another man who could make his points with the same convincing persuasiveness, and although he had probably never studied Demosthenes, I seem to see in him a certain Demosthenic quality of logic, suffused with but not overmastered by emotion, and a certain Demosthenic power of crowding his opponent into a corner, forcing him to a definite issue by a swift succession of inevitable and unanswerable questions.

I should like to read a few short sentences here and there from some of his speeches, that indicate the kind of homely effectiveness that he achieved. He had trained himself in the Socratic method, but never fell into that excess of subtlety and ingenuity into which it betrayed the Greek mind. He did not play with fallacy dramatically but exposed it and brushed it contemptuously aside, as some of his most characteristic utterances show:—"Specious and fantastic arrangements by which a man may prove that a horse-chestnut is a chestnut horse."—"Sophistical contrivances groping for some middle ground between right and wrong."—"Many arguments or strings of words passing for such."—"Everything in this world jibes in with everything else."—"I have no way of making an argument up into the consistency of a corncob and stopping his mouth with it."—"They who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves."—"No man is good enough to govern another without that other's consent."—when I hear anyone arguing for slavery I feel a strong impulse to see it tried on him personally."—"A universal feeling, whether well or ill founded cannot be safely disregarded."—"In grave emergencies moderation is generally safer than radicalism."—"If the minority will not acquiesce the majority must or the government must cease."—"Would you drop the war where it is, or would you prosecute it in future with elderstick squibs charged with rose water?"—"*I shall do nothing in malice; what I deal with is too vast for malicious dealing.*"

These and other sayings that might be quoted show his power of speaking directly to the heart of the matter, and what is more, to the heart of his audience. If not oratory, it is something better. There is no time to attempt to go into detail. His reading could be broadly classified under three heads,—old-fashioned school books, two or three great classics, a few minor classics, and law. Even in these days of manual training,

"schooling" is still largely a matter of reading a few text-books. The difference between Lincoln's use of "text-books" and ours is very simple,—Lincoln mastered his text-books and our children "go through" theirs. In addition to school books he read Shakespeare and the Bible and a little minor poetry of sentiment. This of course did not make him a bookman or a professional literary critic. Its chief effect was that it helped to keep alive in Lincoln the eternal springs of feeling; his soul never dried up so that he could not enjoy Shakespeare, as his great contemporary Darwin confessed of himself. In his latest years we find him enthusiastically discussing his favorite passages of Shakespeare with actors who visited Washington.

The effectiveness of Lincoln's Bible quotations might be illustrated by many anecdotes. One, though familiar to you all, I cannot omit.

In the great debate with Douglas when Douglas had quoted as dangerous and incendiary Lincoln's statement that a "house divided against itself cannot stand," his reply was: "Does the judge say it can stand?—If he does, then there is a question of veracity, not between him and me, but between the judge and an authority of a somewhat higher character."

The educating power of the study of law, both in itself and for Lincoln, is a theme which would demand an extended address. The law is a study which makes a small man cunning and a large man sagacious. The chief characteristic of the mature Lincoln was his benignant sagacity. But in addition to this broader effect of legal study Lincoln derived from his reading of law books very much more culture than we realize; the old copy of Blackstone which he rescued from a barrel taught him not only law but perhaps quite as much of the best qualities of the eighteenth century man—lucidity, reasonableness, moderation, and even a certain literary polish, as is acquired in many a pretentious seminar in eighteenth century literature.

The real proof of the adequacy for its purpose of Lincoln's education through books is that fact that it made him competent to meet every opportunity of his enlarging career,—his practice on the Illinois Circuit, his service in Congress, the debate with the brilliant and versatile Douglas that made him president. And when the supreme crisis came it found Lincoln equal to it,—it found him equal to it not only in character and in deed but in the ability to utter the inevitable, and absolutely appropriate word,—the tender and simple pathos of the last farwell to friends and neighbors at Springfield; the first inaugural with its wistful appeal, "Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?"—and its yearning conclusions: "I am loath to close"; the annual message of 1862, "The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor, or dishonor, to the latest generation," and the second inaugural, "with malice toward none, with charity for all." Above all, the Periclean Gettysburg address, and the exquisite letter to the woman who had laid five sons upon the altar of freedom.

These things are too familiar for further quotation They conform exactly to the old Greek definition of perfect and classic writing,—that which would be marred by the addition or subtraction of a single word. The man who could not only do the deeds that Lincoln did, but could say the words that Lincoln said,—surely his education was not altogether "defective."

The Toastmaster:

I said the man of letters is the man to interpret Lincoln; he must be turned over to the poets. We have some poetry mills of our own here in Lincoln Centre and we can almost always say on any great and high subject, "as one of our own poets has said.' I have asked Miss Evelyn Walker of the Lincoln Centre to make a contribution.

Miss Walker:

In the Lincoln Centre, as in other large manufactories, we make a series of by-products, and one of these our leader loves to call poetry. He knows that this is a great word, to be used sparingly and in all seriousness, for none knows better than he the marks of the amateur or the difference between the temporal and the eternal. But there is place for offerings great and small to the memory of Lincoln, and I am glad and grateful for the privilege of laying my tribute with the others which have been gathered here tonight, at the shrine of the greatest of Americans, whom we all alike love and revere.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Infinite patience and pain,
  Infinite sorrow and wrong,
Infinite loss become gain,
  Infinite hope to the strong.

Out of the ages he came,
  Out of the turbulent years,
Born of the stress and the strain,
  Harvest of toil and of tears.

For freedom, fetters and gyves,
  For conscience, prison and ban,
O stern and harsh were the lives,
  And fearful the cost of a man!

Till a woman,—a forest flower,—
  Clasped to her throbbing breast
The century's sealed dower,
  A man-child for the West.

A man, to rise in his might
  And rend the shackles that bound
Fair Liberty, crouching in night,
  By her eldest lovers uncrowned.

What shall we do for our dead?
  Build him a temple of fame?
Carve him of marble a bed,
  Garland with laurel his name?

There are deeds may be paid of men,
  And to some rewards delay,
But his gift was measured to him again;
  God took him the shining way.

The Toastmaster:

Now is the time to ask Miss Jennie Johnson to lead us in singing "A thousand years, my own Columbia." Let us all join with Professor ApMadoc in the chorus.

(Singing.)

The Toastmaster:

Speaking of poets, we have a bunch of them. I have here a telegram expressing the regrets of James Whitcomb Riley and his friend, W. C. Bobbs, of Indianapolis, that weather and health prevent their attendance. We also would have had with us tonight Chicago's poets, W. D. Nesbit and S. E. Kiser had they not been snatched out of our grasp and carried out of town by circumstances beyond our control.

Henry VanDyke writes me from Paris his regret at being unable to make a direct contribution on ac-

count of his engagement as lecturer at the Sorbonne. He sends cordial greeting and tells us that on February 26 he is to speak on "Washington to Lincoln,—the Father to the Savior of his country."

Richard Watson Gilder sends his greetings with the words:

"I am to read my sonnet on 'The Life-Mask' at Carnegie Hall. Will you take as a message from me, so that I may be remembered in your interesting exercises, this sonnet which you will find in my books?"

Here is the life mask that inspired the great sonnet.

Hamlin Garland is out of town, else he would be with us here tonight. He writes:

"If I were to be present I think I would quote Walt Whitman's words on Lincoln and Lincoln's comment on Walt rather than attempt to add any word of my own to the flood of Lincoln reminiscences. Whitman saw the man under the grotesque exterior and his words have the forth-right appeal of sincere admiration. It is well for us to have an ideal, a figure of altruistic significance, to which we can attach our unqualified praise. It is true that the Lincoln of today is not the Lincoln of 1865, but this is because we are not confused by non-essentials and blinded by prejudice. We get at the inner quality and aspiration of the real Lincoln."

Helen Keller, the great tender soul, out of her live world of thought and feeling, though of no sight or sound, sends her thanks for the letter and wishes to express her interest in the Lincoln celebration. But her correspondence has grown far beyond the reach of her two hands, and the writing which she has already undertaken is more than enough to keep her occupied. But she says that sometime she hopes to come to Chicago, and sends her kindest greetings.

Edwin Markham writes:

"Dear Comrade on the long way: I am always delighted to get a word from your soul, and I stand every ready to do any service within my power. I am sending you enclosed a copy of a revision of my Lincoln poem which I have just made for the Lincoln centenary. God light your way and guard your gate!"

I propose to read from the autograph copy of Mr. Markham's "Lincoln, the Man of the People," introducing my next Sunday morning sermon of "Lincoln the Emancipator."

This greeting will find responsive chord in this company. Mr. Lincoln's visit to Five Points, N. Y., on the week of the great Cooper Institute address, is an incident strangely overlooked by some of the biographers, not sufficiently appreciated by his interpreters. Out of the heart of this same Five Points comes to us this greeting, from "The Young Men's Lincoln Club of Five Points." The names on the letter head are interesting, among which I find Mazzoni, Dignacco, Frunzi, Ehrenberg, and many more of the kind. The President writes:

"Dear Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Centre:

"The Young Men's Lincoln Club of Five Points, New York City, sends its fraternal greetings to the Abraham Lincoln Centre on the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of the 'Greatest American.' Most of us or our parents are from the land of those noble apostles of liberty, Garibaldi and Mazzini, but we have found in Abraham Lincoln the greatest of all liberators, and we rejoice that it is our privilege as well as our duty to honor with you his illustrious name.

"Fraternally yours,

"John A. Shedd, President."

You will be glad to know that in your name I have sent a response, and our greetings will be read at their celebration.

Listen then to the words of the poets:

LINCOLN.

From Mary S. Savage. Madison, Wisconsin.

How the past doth clasp and hold him,
As a soul beyond compare!
Will the future thus enfold him
Through its lifting, countless ages,
As a soul supreme and rare?
Write on your immortal pages,
Poet-prophets, skeptic sages,
"There are couriers in the air
That announce him everywhere,
And the world will not forget him!"
For the mystic horns of elf-land
In a fine fanfare beset him,
Till the wakened woodland echoes,
Ariels of our wondering pelf-land,
Sprites aswing 'twixt smiles and tears,
Set his cherished name aflying
Hither, thither, faintly crying,
"Lincoln, Lincoln, Lincoln, Lincoln!"
Down the long responsive years.

Ah, the captured venerations
Of the coming race of men
That await him!—habitations
In the hero-hearts of *then!*
For the echoes are compelling;
Soft and mellow, yet insistent;
Ever loyal, ever distant;
Clinging, like a faint foretelling
Of a larger life to be,
On the far horizon's edge;
Thrilling with the measured tremble
Of the pulsed eternity
Where the elf-land horns assemble,
In the cloud-land, on the ledge.
E'er from thence, the mountain echoes,
Vibrant mystics of the spheres,
Set his cherished name aflying,
Hither, thither, faintly crying,
"Lincoln, Lincoln, Lincoln, Lincoln!"
Down the long, responsive years.

LINCOLN—AN APPRECIATION.

From W. D. Simonds, of Oakland, California.

Within the wild-wood waste a cabin stands,
Gaunt poverty dwells beneath that roof;
Half-naked children shiver in the snow,
Fearing the terrors of that savage land.

A tall lad, face to face with fate,
Ignorant but strong; rude but brave,
Looking toward life with youth's ambitious awe,
Desiring most to prove himself a man.

Long years of toil with sorrow for his guest,
Dreary defeat with now and then small rift of light,
And inner voices whispering,—"Be ever to the right
Most true. Large deeds await thy hand."

A nation torn with civil strife,
While storms of wrath sweep far and wide,
Union and Liberty as a vanished dream:
Who now, *who now*, can save the state?

Ah, this is strange. The college and the church
Can yield no man who measures to our need.
The cabin-nurtured son of wood and field
Holds true in brawny hands the helm of state.

Through years of war, of hate and death,
This man must bear a people's woe.
How calm! How wise! Sublimely great,
Gentle alike to friend and foe.

Victory, and the honest praise of honest men,
One hour of triumph, Flag and Union saved;
Behold a madman's murderous deed,
And then, an immortality of fame.

THE GREAT WHO GROW MORE GREAT.

From W. D. Nesbit, Chicago.

Not as the great who grow more great
Until from us they are apart—
We walks with us in man's estate;
We know his was a brother heart.
The marching years may render dim

The humanness of other men,
Today we are akin to him
As they who knew him best were then.

Wars have been won by mail-clad hands,
Realms have been ruled by sword-hedged kings,
But he above these others stands
As one who loved the common things;
The common faith of man was his,
The common faith in man he had—
For this today his grave face is
A face half joyous and half sad.

A man of earth! Of earthy stuff,
As honest as the fruitful soil,
Gnarled as the friendly trees, and rough
As hillsides that had known his toil;
Of earthy stuff—let it be told,
For earth-born men rise and reveal
A courage fair as beaten gold
And the enduring strength of steel.

So now he dominates our thought,
This humble great man holds us thus
Because of all he dreamed and wrought,
Because he is akin to us.
He held his patient trust in truth
While God was working out his plan,
And they that were his foes, forsooth,
Come to pay tribute to the Man.
Not as the great who grow more great
Until they have a mystic fame—
No stroke of fortune nor of fate
Gave Lincoln his undying name.
A common man, earth-bred, earth-born,
One of the breed who work and wait—
His was a soul above all scorn,
His was a heart above all hate.

LINCOLN.

From S. E. Kiser, Chicago.

We strive in narrow selfish ways
To win advancement or have praise,
To gain rewards, to hear applause,
To be accounted great or wise;
We make convenience a cause,
And ever look with watchful eyes
For that approval, right or wrong,
Accorded by the noisy throng
To them that have the wit to see
Which way the crowds intend to fare,
And brazenly pretend to be
The God-sent, glorious leaders there.

He saw with vision true and clear,
And, crushing doubt and scorning fear,
Advanced, with conscience as his guide;
Discerning where the course was laid,
He waited not for wind or tide,
Nor for the mob's approval stayed;
A giant where weak pygmies rose,
To jeer and clamor and oppose,
He pressed with godlike earnestness
And an unconquerable soul
Through hellish hate and bloody stress,
To die a martyr at the goal.

We worry over little cares,
We mutter foolish, selfish prayers,
And think that God will deign to heed;
We scheme to keep our brothers back,
We long to dazzle or to lead,
And sigh for riches that we lack;
We covet honors and are proud
To win the favors of the crowd
That for a little while has time
To cheer us where we strut, to let
Us fancy we have grown sublime,
And then is ready to forget.

We read the sad appeal that lies
Within his kindly, sunken eyes
And learn a little of his lore;
We mark the lines upon his brow
And dimly see how much he bore,
And in our weakness wonder how;
We gaze upon the sculptured face,
And all the patient sorrows trace;
We search for vanity, for pride,
That, human-like, he might have claimed,
Then thrust our little cares aside
And turn away, and are ashamed.

ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From Richard Watson Gilder.

This bronze doth keep the very form and mould
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day—
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armed strength—his pure and mighty heart.

The Toastmaster:

We have with us tonight as honored guests Consul and Mrs. Kazuo Matsubara of Japan, and it gives us great pleasure to welcome these representatives of progress and fraternity from the islands of the Pacific. (The audience rose to welcome them; there was long applause.) Mr. Matsubara expressed his high appreciation of the privilege of attending this meeting. He told that the life of Abraham Lincoln was read throughout Japan; that from the primary school to the college boys, young and old, men and women, rejoiced in his name and recognized him as a power in promoting the morals of the country. He returned thanks for the greetings extended him and his wife and expressed great interest in the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

The Toastmaster:

In such a program as this the Frederick Douglass Center, an object lesson in fraternity, should have a spokesman. I take great pleasure in introducing as the next speaker the Head Resident of the Frederick Douglass Center, Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley.

Mrs. Woolley:

There are two things that always mark the really great man. He must have the kind of mind that can grasp a great leading idea or principle from which he never swerves. And he must have a large and generous spirit free from impatience and all pettiness, that spirit expressed in the memorable words, "With malice towards none, with charity for all."

What was the great principle which Lincoln never lost sight of? Simply the old ideal of human rights that we have been working on ever since the dawn of human society. His determination to save the union first and at all hazards was part of his faith in human liberty. He felt that a great beginning had been made on these shores in the work of self-government and that the entire world was watching the result. He knew the union could not be preserved with slavery yet he would not make slavery the object of his first attack. It was the attainment of freedom through union for which he worked without halting and against the bitter opposition of friend as well as foe.

Where do we stand today in respect to this prized and venerated principle of freedom? Mr. Williams, representing a people recently enslaved, has told us

the story of his race's achievements since the days of Lincoln and the Emancipation Proclamation. We see what the black man has accomplished. But what of ourselves, who belong to the "dominant" or superior race? How much farther are we on the way, how true have we been to the great law of human brotherhood which we profess?

We live in an age of ceaseless activity for improved social relations on all sides. The work is going forward, as I look at it, on three main lines. There is the field of economic strife where class is arrayed against class, the rich against the poor, the employer against the employed. Then there is that other line defined in the "Woman's Movement," and finally there is the line where the clash of conflicting opinions is sharpest of all, where feeling is most bitter, reason and justice less operative than anywhere else, there is the race or color question.

Are we not doing today just what we have always done, building fences, putting up all sorts of bars and restrictions, trying to limit the progress of this or that social group, afraid to share the great boon of liberty we so prize and continually laud? There is no more discouraging commentary on Lincoln's fame and work that the race prejudice of our day.

We are here to celebrate the hundreth anniversary of Lincoln's birth. I want to say that I do not believe that anywhere in Chicago—probably nowhere in the country at large—has this centennial been so fitly observed in spirit and in deed as right here tonight. Our guests of honor come from two sections once engaged in fratricidal war, and the negro, now a free man also, the object and cause of that former hatred and strife, is here also. And that other dark-skinned brother from Japan has his place with us. Here true hospitality reigns, here the bond of fellowship has been widened to include all and exclude none. Let us pay homage not only to the man and the event that bring us here but to the large and fearless mind that planned this feast and reunion. Let us pay tribute to the present occasion and to the man whose vision and whose courage merit the fulfillment of all his dreams.

The Toastmaster:

I next venture to call upon Rev. C. A. Beals; he hails from Boston but he belongs to the world. Tonight we are not nationalists but internationalists. He is here in the interest of the one great issue today in statecraft, that of international disarmament, the doing away of the horrors of war. I take great pleasure in presenting the organizing Secretary of the American Peace Society.

Mr. Beals:

During my theological seminary course I supplied, the second year, in the old Massachusetts town of Hingham. I had among my parishioners several families of Lincolns, and the family resemblance led me to ask if President Lincoln were of the same stock. In these later years it has been established that he did spring from that old stock at Hingham in Massachusetts Bay, which was settled by immigrants from old Hingham in England. A meeting house was built here in 1638, the oldest house of worship in the United States that is still in use.

I shall never forget tonight. I think these addresses, truly eloquent, will live in our grateful memories and be an inspiration to us. I have felt like weeping all through this service,—as the son of that first Captain, foremost of Captains of our time, spoke, and the son of that truly great Lee stock of old Virginia spoke, with true eloquence. Is it not a pity that the passions of a nation should ever make it possible for such men and the sons of such men to take one another's lives? It is unthinkable today that ever we should so be driven by any stress of unreasonableness.

I thank God for this interdenominational meeting. I thank God for the presence of this man, the Yankee of the Orient. This is the time of brotherhood; we are going to have in Chicago next April or May a great national peace conference. I think we are right at the turning of the road in human history; I think we have wasted enough money; I think we have poured out enough treasure and life in the renewing processes of education until the better angels of our nature have cried out against it and we are going to try to do something different. Chicago with its national peace conference is going to be placed in the annals of history, between the old chapter, which is now closing, and the new chapter of democracy and world peace in the kingdom of God, so far as the relation between man and man is concerned. We want all of you to have a part in it, want you to feel the thrill of the bigness of the enterprise, to pray for it, to give for it, to talk it up and out so that the whole world shall feel thrilled.

The Toastmaster:

We have with us here tonight William Hawley Smith, an interesting combination of the school master and the funny man, the author of "The Evolution of Dodd," an old pioneer of Illinois.

Mr. Smith's address was of the kind that it is impossible to report. He was the funny man of the evening and something more. His address abounded in stories of the days of Lincoln, with whom his pioneer father was intimately associated. He himself was a member of the Lincoln Wide Awakes in the '60's. But there is no reporting sheet lightning and it is foolish to attempt to harness laughter. From beginning to end it was full of the wit that is tender and the tenderness that is ever witty.

This sentence must suffice: "It seems to me the thing that characterized Lincoln above everything else was his gift of common sense. Now common sense is the faculty of the human make-up which is sure of this,—that Truth is good enough, and it has a way of getting at the truth, utterly regardless of conventionality."

The Toastmaster:

We come to our last address; our young man from Springfield, the leader of the "Band of Hope." Down there in the humiliating mix-up, the petty trading and trickery, Tudor ApMadoc, has maintained his independence. May his work as Leader of the "Band of Hope" continue and his influence grow.

Mr. ApMadoc:

The politician is successful either because he is selfish and always governed by the sole interests of self, or because he is altruistic,—a promoter of the general welfare and the interests of others. The former distrusts the people because he fears public scrutiny and knowledge; the latter fears neither press nor corporation, and has implicit faith in the sound, sober sense of the masses.

"Democracy," said Pasteur, "is that order in the State which permits each individual to put forth his

utmost effort." And, therefore, our actual form of government permits of the selfish and unpatriotic effort as well as of the effort for the sake of principle. The great underlying facts that ours is a government of principles and not of men and that the sovereignty lies not in the President, not in Congress, not in the Federal Government, not in the commonwealth, but in the people who adopted the constitution and in the people whose right it is to amend it, render short the rule of corrupt leaders, and their permanent extermination is dependent upon the progress of political intelligence in the individual and the continued right of political expression by means of the secret ballot and the primary.

The greatest Republic of all time sprang up in the wilderness of America. From the wilderness of that Republic there rose the greatest democrat to save it and render it wholly free. Lincoln lives, is revered and was a success because he was a political altruist, a politician with a heart beating warm for the people of his time, with a heart big enough to transcend the boundaries of his nation, a heart indiscriminate of clan, color, creed or clime. He did more for fundamental democracy than any other one man in American history. His two great traits were strong sense of public duty and absolute fairness toward friend and foe; his platform: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right"; his party,—humanity.

The statesman needs something more tangible than enthusiasm. Reason, firmness and fairness must be his foundations if his work is to endure. Ability under untried conditions, ability to distinguish popular excitement from the will of the people, ability to be fearless, honest and convincing, test the right of any statesman to a splendid place in history.

"Annealed in white-hot fire he bore the test
Of every strain temptation could invent,
Hard points of slander, shivered on his breast,
Fell at his feet, and envy's blades were bent
In his bare hand and lightly cast aside;
He would not wear a shield; no selfish aim
Guided one thought of all those trying hours;
No breath of pride,
No pompous striving for the pose of fame
Weakened one stroke of all his noble powers."

Disrespect for law is one of the great dangers of our time. And no statesmanship can endure in the shadow of such disrespect. Lincoln was essentially a respecter of law. And never for a moment did that respect and reverence lessen. He once said, "I know the American people are much attached to their government; I know they would suffer much for its sake; I know they would endure evils long and patiently before they would ever think of changing it for another,—yet, notwithstanding all this, if the laws be continually despised and disregarded, if their rights to be secure in their persons and property are heeded by no better tenure than the caprice of a mob, the alienation of the affections from the government is the natural consequence." He also said, "Let reverence for law be taught in schools and colleges, be written in spelling books and primers, be published from pulpits, and proclaimed in legislative houses, and enforced in the Courts of Justice, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation."

It is an easy thing in our country for a resourceful man to become dangerous. The freedom of democracy is such that but partially successful appeals to the sordid and baser natures of the masses sometimes cause us to doubt the wisdom of our form of government. But the people, as distinguished from the mob, and very often by a very thin line, come to their own, and the apparent danger passes. The impulse, nobly inspired by grief and love, which draped every American heart in the mourning of sadness upon the death of McKinley, shamefully and madly turned into blind rage upon the blowing up of the battleship "Maine" in Havana Harbor. The great leader realizes the possibilities of American impulse and emotionality, and therefore, leadership to be grand must be unafraid of influence, unafraid of the mob, and rest solely and completely upon American sovereignty, the people.

Untried in crisis as our government was, that period came when men's minds were influenced with all the bitterness of sectional discord. The South, as its people saw it, was defending its firesides and its institutions, and the North, as its people saw it, was defending manhood and freedom. At no time in our history was speech so inconsiderate and appeal so frenzied. But the crisis in the union came, and there rose up to meet it the statesman and man of principle and justice with a heart as broad as humanity itself and a mind clear in its freedom from studied logic and open to the immediate needs of his people. Conscience, not results, guided him. The greatest crisis of the new world produced its greatest man. And the greatest triumph of Americanism was the production of Abraham Lincoln.

"A blend of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears;
A quaint knight-errant of the pioneers;
A homely hero, born of star and sod;
A Peasant Prince; a masterpiece of God."

The Toastmaster:

Friends, we have come to the end of our program. We part chastened, sweetened, strengthened. The occasion has been more impressive than the impressive words. The broad fraternity here exemplified has carried convictions deeper than the unique words that have been spoken. Let us go hence in tender humility, in brave courage, and try to be worthy the great patrimony of grief and sorrow, of hope and strain that have come to us as they came to and through Abraham Lincoln.

With many thanks to the friends who have contributed to this evening's inspiration, we bid each other good-night.

The Story of the Lincoln Autobiography

A paper read at the close of Mr. Jones' lecture before the University Extension Center at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, on Tuesday evening, February 9, in connection with the exhibit of the original manuscript of the autobiography, through the courtesy of the daughters of Jesse W. Fell.

It is perhaps unknown to many that in 1859 Abraham Lincoln wrote his autobiography at the earnest request of his highly esteemed friend, Mr. Jesse W. Fell, of Normal, McLean County, Ill., and it is now the property of his family and in charge of his daughters, Fannie Fell and Alice Fell.

Prodded by the statement of a publisher—who had printed a small facsimile—that "the original document had been lost and that connoisseurs were unable to locate it," I addressed a letter of inquiry and received a reply that the statement was unfounded.

As this matter strangely developed on the eve of the Lincoln Centenary, the owners most generously offered to allow this priceless document to be exhibited,

not only to correct the false impression which had been made, but, above all else, to afford large representative audiences like the one before me the privilege of seeing it.

Through the courtesy of the owners I have been invited to have this matter in charge and to relate to you facts leading up to and involving the history of this unique document.

The autobiography was exhibited at Lincoln Centre, Chicago, through the courtesy of Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, also a speaking picture of Mr. Jesse W. Fell, whose life and political affiliations with Lincoln make their names inseparable, as far as the subject in hand is concerned. Also a genuine facsimile copy of the autobiography of a Lincoln letter of 1848.

What more fitting time than this Lincoln anniversary to spread before this grateful people Lincoln's own story of himself; the time when we may say the civilized world is on bended knee and reverently thanking our Heavenly Father that such a spirit was given to our country, to the world?

What more fitting place than in this city, where on May 17, 1860, in Chicago's first great wigwam, located at the corner of Market and Lake streets, Abraham Lincoln was upon the third ballot nominated for the Presidency of the United States by a vote of 334 out of 466, breaking all precedent in the limited number of ballots cast before reaching a decisive vote. The vast assemblage of proud and surprised Illinoisans raised a long continued and deafening shout that almost lifted the wigwam roof from its moorings. This was but an echo of a demonstration that began at Decatur, Ill., at the meeting of the Illinois Republican Convention at which Honorable Richard Oglesby of Macon County asked and obtained leave to give the convention a present from an old Democrat. A banner stretched upon two rails was brought upon the stand. The banner bore the following inscription:

"Abe Lincoln:
The Rail Candidate
of the people for 1860.
Two rails from a lot of 3000
made by
Abe Lincoln and John Hanks
On a ten-acre lot south of the Macon.
The father of Lincoln, the first
Squatter in Macon County."

Its reception produced the greatest enthusiasm. Cheer after cheer followed from the immense audience.

Forty-eight years have passed since he was taken where his name is entwined with some of our greatest national achievements; nearly *fifty* years have passed since he wrote the immortal document we show you tonight.

Multiplied queries come to me in regard to Jesse W. Fell which deserve attention. The information is from the standpoint of a personal acquaintance.

His was a character into which entered the fundamental elements of honesty, courage, gentleness and common sense. He had a keen knowledge of human nature, a genuine and sincere love of mankind, manifested in his recognition of a possible spark of good in a bad or inferior nature; he was a man of quick sight with an instinctive power of foreseeing rarely to be met, especially as to the development of the West. He possessed marvelous judgment in reading the political horoscope of the day, and picking the right man for the right place.

Mr. Fell was not only a true friend and admirer of Lincoln's, but read beneath his excessive modesty and sad manner his true character—yes, better than Lincoln read himself. Mr. Fell, therefore, held the key to become his political inspirer, his mentor, and induced him to enter into the debates with Douglas, and to write his autobiography, which masterly efforts made him well known both east and west.

If I may be allowed one other personal impression, which I believe will be substantiated in your minds as well when I read my documentary evidence—and that is, that without a Fell, there probably would never have been a Lincoln as President. The public may never know of the apprehensive "creeps" that beset strong characters, when the edge of some great responsibility looms above the horizon of possibilities. Fancy the sudden choke in Saul's throat when the light shone upon the road to Damascus. Must there have not been the skip of a heart beat when the Maid of Orleans heard the call to lead the French Army? Grover Cleveland in 1884 said to a close friend, "If I were to indulge my personal impulse at this moment (the time of his unquestioned nomination) I would go away into some forest, hide in some fastness where no man could reach and where this awful burden might never find me." At such great epochs in one's life, a friend with whom we may touch elbows and receive the force of a "God Speed" will give us strength for our passage through the Red Sea. Such was Jesse W. Fell to Abraham Lincoln. Parenthetically, we introduce some interesting evidence relative to a coterie of political celebrities and ambitious listeners at Bloomington, Ill. This delightfully reminiscent article is furnished by the Honorable James S. Ewing, Ex-Consul to Belgium under Cleveland. "In 1854 Judge Stephen A. Douglas came to Bloomington to make a speech, defending the principles of the Kansas and Nebraska Bill. Lawrence Welden, who had come from Ohio and located at Clinton, Ill., for the purpose of practicing law, had come up to hear the speech and went with Mr. Adlai Stevenson and myself to call upon and pay our respects to the 'Little Giant.' After we had been in Mr. Douglas' room a few minutes, Mr. Lincoln came in and the Senator and he greeted each other most cordially as old friends, and then Mr. Douglas introduced Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Welden as a young lawyer at Clinton. Mr. Lincoln said, "Well, I am glad of that, I go to Clinton sometimes myself and we will get acquainted." This was the beginning of an acquaintance which ripened into a strong friendship and which, founded on mutual admiration and respect, grew and strengthened as the years passed, and ended only in death. They met, soon after their introduction, in Clinton, and a sort of local partnership was formed. They tried law-suits and rode the circuit together. Judge Welden, late of the Court of Claims at Washington, was an active promoter of Mr. Lincoln's political interests and was an Elector in the campaign of 1860. I doubt if any man living knew Mr. Lincoln better, or had in a greater degree his confidence, than our distinguished friend and citizen, Judge Lawrence Welden."

In view of the recent controversy as to Mr. Lincoln's temperance principles, as to whether he was a "Wine Bibber" or the president of a temperance society—the following incident may be of interest:

At this same meeting I heard Mr. Lincoln define his position on the liquor question. This is authentic as coming from Mr. Lincoln himself, and ought to settle this question forever.

But it won't. The controversy will go on like the brook, "forever," until each side convinces itself. This

meeting of which I am speaking, being a Democratic meeting, the committee had placed on the sideboard of Judge Douglas' room (probably without his knowledge) a pitcher of water, some glasses and a decanter of red liquor. As visitors called, they were invited to partake. Most of the Democrats declined. When Mr. Lincoln arose to go, Mr. Douglas said, "Mr. Lincoln, won't you take something?" Mr. Lincoln said, "No, I think not." Mr. Douglas said, "What? Are you a member of the temperance society?" "No!" said Mr. Lincoln, "I am not a member of any temperance society; but I am temperate, *in this,* that I don't drink anything!" At this same meeting another incident occurred, which I wish to relate. One of the visitors who came to call on Senator Douglas was the Honorable Jesse W. Fell. He was an old friend and had known Douglas when he first came to the state. I remember well their cordial meeting and recall clearly a part of their conversation. After talking a while of old times and mutual friends, Mr. Fell said, "Judge Douglas, many of Mr. Lincoln's friends would be greatly pleased to hear a joint discussion between you and him on these new and important questions now interesting the people, and I would be glad if such a discussion could be arranged."

Mr. Douglas seemed annoyed, and after hesitating a moment, said, "No! I won't do it! I come to Chicago, I am met by an old line Abolitionist; I come down to the center of the state and I am met by an old line Whig; I go to the south end of the state and I am met by an Administration Democrat. I can't hold the Abolitionist responsible for what the Whig says; and I can't hold the Whig responsible for what the Abolitionist says, and I can't hold either responsible for what the Democrat says. It looks like 'dogging' a man over the state." "This is my meeting, the people come to hear me and I want to talk to them," Mr. Fell said. "Well, Judge, you may be right, perhaps some other time it can be arranged."

I have told this incident for a purpose. Mr. Fell never gave up this idea of a joint discussion. He was the first man to suggest it. From 1854 to 1858 he continued to urge it, and to Mr. Jesse W. Fell, more than to any other man, is due the credit of suggesting and bringing about those great debates, the influence of which upon Mr. Lincoln's fortunes, the events of history and the fate of the nation, no man is wise enough to know.

Mr. Fell was one of our citizens. He was Bloomington's first lawyer. His life was a benefaction to this community. I am pleased to take advantage of this opportunity to connect his name with the name of the man he helped, and to pay a modest tribute to one of the best men who ever lived.

Jesse Fell's Account of How Lincoln Came to Write His Autobiography.

In the fall of 1858, during the discussion between Senator Douglas and Mr. Lincoln, I had occasion to visit the middle and eastern states; and as the whole country was then agitated by the slavery question, and that discussion cut a prominent figure in the agitation, I was frequently applied to for information in reference to Mr. Lincoln. I felt my state pride flattered by these inquiries, and still more to find the New York *Tribune* and other papers publishing copious extracts from these discussions, taken from the Chicago press.

I did what little I could to satisfy so laudable a curiosity, not thinking, at first, that anything further would come of this discussion, in reference to Mr. Lincoln, than his election to the Senate. At length from the frequency of these inquiries and public notices of the Illinois contest, an impression began to form that by judicious efforts, he could be made the Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1860. Very soon after my return home and after the Senatorial contest had closed, one evening, as I passed on the south side of the public square in this city (Bloomington) I espied the tall form of Mr. Lincoln emerging from the court house door—Judge David Davis' court then being in session.

I stopped until he came across the street, when, after the usual salutations, I asked him to go with me into my brother's (K. K. Fell's) office, then kept over what is known as the Home Bank. There we sat down and in the calm twilght of the evening, had substantially the following conversation:

Fell. Lincoln, I have been east as far as Boston, and up into New Hampshire, traveling in all the New England states save Maine; in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, and Indiana; and everywhere I hear you talked about. Very frequently I have been asked, "Who is this man Lincoln of your state, now canvassing in opposition to Senator Douglas?" Being, as you know, an ardent Republican and your friend, I usually told them, we had *two* giants in Illinois instead of one; that Douglas was the *little* one, as they all knew, but you were the *big* one, which they didn't all know.

But seriously, Lincoln, Judge Douglas being so widely known, you are getting a national reputation through him, as the result of the late discussion; your speeches in whole or in part, on both sides, have been pretty extensively published in the East; you are there regarded, by discriminating minds, as quite a match for him in debate, and the truth is, I have a decided impression that if your popular history and efforts in the slavery question can be sufficiently brought before the public, you can be made a formidable, if not a successful candidate for the Presidency.

Lincoln. Oh, Fell, what's the use of talking of me for the Presidency, whilst we have such men as Seward, Chase and others, who are so much better known to the people, and whose names are so intimately associated with the principles of the Republican party? Everybody knows them. Nobody, scarcely, outside of Illinois, knows me. Besides, is it not, as a matter of justice, due to such men who have carried this movement forward to its present status, in spite of fearful opposition, personal abuse, and hard names? I really think so.

Fell. There is much truth in what you say. The men you allude to, occupying more prominent positions, have undoubtedly rendered a larger service in the Republican cause than you have, but the truth is, they have rendered too much service to be available candidates. Placing it on the ground of personal services, or merit if you please, I concede at once the superiority of their claims. Personal services and merit, however, when incompatible with the public good, must be laid aside. Seward and Chase have both made long records in the slavery question, and have said some very radical things, which however just and true in themselves, and however much these men may challenge our administration, for their courage and devotion to unpopular truths, would seriously damage them in the contest, if nominated. We must bear in mind, Lincoln, that we are yet in a minority; we are struggling against fearful odds for supremacy;

we were defeated in this same issue in 1856, and will be again in 1860, unless we get a great many new votes from what may be called the old conservative parties. These will be repelled by the radical utterances and votes of such men as Seward and Chase. What the Republican party wants, to insure success in 1860, is a man of popular origin, of acknowledged ability, committed against slavery aggressions, who has no record to defend, and no radicalism of an offensive character, to repel votes from parties hitherto adverse. Your discussion with Douglas has demonstrated your ability, and your devotion to freedom; you have no embarrassing record; you have sprung from the humble walks of life, sharing in its toils and trials; and if we can only get these facts sufficiently before the people, depend upon it, there is some chance for you. And now, Mr. Lincoln, I come to the *business* part of this interview. My native state, Pennsylvania, will have a large number of votes to cast for somebody on the question we have been discussing. Pennsylvania don't like overmuch New York and her politicians. She has a candidate, Cameron, of her own, but he will not be acceptable to a large number of her own people, much less abroad and will be dropped. Through an eminent jurist and essayist of my native county in Pennsylvania, favorably known throughout the state, I want to get up a well considered, well written newspaper article, telling the people who you are and what you have done, that it may be circulated not only in that state, but elsewhere, and thus help manufacture sentiment in your favor. I know your public life and can furnish items that your modesty would forbid, but I don't know much about your private history, when you were born, and where, the names and origin of your parents, what you did in early life, what your opportunities for education, etc., and I want you to give me these. Won't you do it?

Lincoln. Fell, I admit the force of much that you say, and admit that I am ambitious and would like to be President; I am not insensible to the compliment you pay me, and the interest you manifest in the matter, *but there is no such good luck in store for me* as the Presidency of the United States; besides, there is nothing in my early history that would interest you or anybody else; and as Judge Davis says, "It won't pay." Good night.

And thus ended for the time being my pet scheme of helping to make Lincoln President. I notified him however, as his giant form, wrapped in a dilapidated shawl, disappeared in the darkness, that this was not the last of it; that the *facts* must come.

The next year, 1859, I was engaged much of the time as the Corresponding Secretary of the Republican State Central Committee, in traveling over the state and in carrying out plans for a more thorough organization of the Republican party, preparatory to the great contest of 1860. I visited personally a large majority of the counties of the state, and nearly everywhere had the satisfaction of learning that, though many doubted the possibility of nominating Lincoln, most generally it was approved of. This fact became in time very apparent to Lincoln himself, whom I not infrequently met in my travels, and in the month of December of that year, feeling perhaps it *would* pay. I induced him to place in my hands this eminently characteristic document. It had a wide circulation throughout the country. Such is the history of a paper that has become historic. JESSE W. FELL.

COPY OF LINCOLN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia of undistinguished families, second families perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family by the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and other in Macon Counties, Illinois.

My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1781 or 2, where a year or two later, he was killed by Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, while he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania, An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham and the like.

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky, to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the state came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears, and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond "readin', writin' and cipherin'" to the Rule of Three. If a straggler, supposed to understand Latin, happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course when I came of age I didn't know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write and cipher to the Rule of Three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, and passed the first year in Macon County. Then I got to New Salem at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk war, and I was elected Captain of Volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have since had. I went through the campaign, was elected, ran for the legislature the same year (1832) and was beaten—the only time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next, and three succeeding biennial elections, I was elected to the legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period, I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was once elected to the Lower House of Congress, but was not a candidate for reelection. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practiced law more assiduously than ever before.

Always awake in politics and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known. If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said, I am in height, six feet, four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty

pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes—no other marks or brands recollected.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Washington, D. C., March 20, 1872.

Hon. J. W. Fell:

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the foregoing statement is in the handwriting of Abraham Lincoln.

DAVID DAVIS,
LYMAN TRUMBULL,
CHARLES SUMNER.

This completes the story of this remarkable paper.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Unity:—

In my remarks at the Lincoln banquet I said in none too high praise of the occasion that I doubted if anything like it had occurred in all of the festivities of the week either in or out of Chicago. Happily I was a bit mistaken and I know you will be glad to print the following extract from the New York *Age* and will rejoice in the incident related as the sign of the coming brotherhood for which we are all working.

February 21, 1909. CELIA PARKER WOOLEY.

"During the Lincoln Dinner of the Republican Club at the Waldorf-Astoria last Friday evening, Booker T. Washington, who was a guest of the occasion, figured in a highly dramatic incident.

"While addressing the large and select gathering in response to the toast—'Abraham Lincoln'—Dr. Washington turned impressively to A. H. Burroughs, a well-known New York attorney, who sat at the President's table, and said:

" 'There sits a man who is the grandson of Joseph Burroughs, who was my owner down in Franklin County, Va., when I was a slave. He and I played together as children, fought and wept, laughed and sobbed together. He was the white boy, I was the black boy, on that old plantation.

" 'He liked me then and he likes me yet. I liked him then and I like him now. But until this week I have not met Abe Burroughs since one day away back in 1863 it came to my frightened ears that old 'Massa' Burroughs, his grandfather and my owner, had been killed.

" 'There was a skirmish and the Federal troops, I was told, had shot him. I was frightened. I rushed home, and told Abe and he and I cried together. Our hearts were broken. That is a long while ago. But here is Abe and here am I, and we meet to-night at the banquet board in the greatest city in the world to celebrate the centennial of the birth of the man who set us both free. I mean that. Abraham Lincoln set Mr. Burroughs free when he set me free.' "

Books

A wonderful little book, published by the Weimar Press of Los Angeles, Cal., lies on my table. It is the "Betrothal of Ronald and Thusnelda"; a dramatic poem, by Neander P. Cook. I opened this book with some prejudice against it, as a poem, from a way-out-of-the-way corner. I soon got entirely over my distaste for it, and I can say to thoughtful readers, that this book, while somewhat radical is also decidedly beautiful in diction, charming in conception, and all the way through worth studying. It you are not prepared to read it lay it aside for some day when you have had a new conception of life.

From Harper Bros. I have the new volume of essays by George Harvey, entitled "Women, Etc." These are leaves from the diary of the well known editor of Harper's Magazine. I am more than fed and pleased with the essays on Women; not quite so much taken with the rest of the book. Some of these essays are finished to what Horace would call "the thumb nail." They are shrewd readings of that sex which is supposed to be the most difficult of comprehension. He argues concerning the selection of a husband that a man who has lived until middle age cannot be expected to fall in love; that it is contrary to some irrefragable law of nature to fall in love after forty. This may be true if you put your emphasis on the word fall, and not on love. My opinion is that the Saxon race has no worse demonstration of bad education than teaching the young people to fall, or tumble, or go headlong in love matters. What we need is a rational system of education that covers the emotional nature and the will. Our schools simply stuff the boys and girls with facts very much as their mothers stuff sausages. You must get this book for your vacation reading. It is just the thing for quiet hours.

E. P. POWELL.

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Helps to High Living

SUN.—Unconsciously we are forming habits every moment of our lives.

MON.—"I will be what I will to be" can be said and should be said by every human soul.

TUES.—Your dominating thoughts determine your dominating actions.

WED.—Every earnest *effort* along any line makes the end aimed at just a little easier for each succeeding effort.

THURS.—While we are in life the one essential thing is to play our part bravely and well and to keep our active interest in all its varying phases.

FRI.—There is nothing that will bring us such abundant returns as to take a little time in the quiet each day of our lives.

SAT.—Consciousness of God in the soul of man is the essence, indeed, the sum and substance, of all religion.

—Character-Building Thought Power by Ralph W. Trine.

What the Winds Bring

Which is the Wind that brings the cold?
The North-Wind, Freddy, and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the North begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the heat?
The South-Wind, Katy, and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the South begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the rain?
The East-Wind, Arty; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the East begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the flowers?
The West-Wind, Bessy; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours
When the West begins to blow.

—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Sunshine Philosophy

"Whatever the weather may be," says he,
Whatever the weather may be,
It's the song ye sing,
And the smiles ye wear,
That's a-makin' the sun shine everywhere."

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Today, whatever may annoy,
The word for me is Joy, just simple Joy;
Whate'er there be of sorrow
I'll put off till tomorrow,
And when tomorrow comes, why then
'Twill be Today and Joy again!

—John Kendrick Bangs.

The Watch Tower

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

Return of the Fleet.

As we write, our famous battle ship fleet in holiday regalia is being reviewed and congratulated by its Commander in Chief at Hampton Roads, after its memorable voyage around the world. While making due allowance for the theories of those of our brethren who hold that the existence of a powerful fleet—or any fleet—is a deplorable matter, we must confess to a feeling of satisfaction over the achievements of the Roosevelt-Evans-Sperry naval expedition now so auspiciously ended. We must also confess to a belief that this circum-mundane peregrination has done more to promote the cause of peace on earth among all nations and to inspire a new and world-wide respect for the United States than anything else could have done in the same length of time. From start to finish the voyage was one long series of triumphal receptions, and was unmarred by any serious accident—a most remarkable thing. A regrettable incident was the disgrace of the Georgia's commander for allowing a bibulous tendency to get the better of him at Tangier, but, aside from this, the country has reason to be proud of the personnel of the fleet. Its officers have been able, dignified, courteous and diplomatic in every port. They have directed and conducted with honor to themselves and their country a complicated mass of men and machinery around the globe over seven seas. It is certainly a creditable performance, and we cannot grudge them the plaudits of their fellow countrymen or the official commendation of the administration, both of which they and their subordinates are receiving on the blue waters of the historic roadstead.

His Colleagues vs. Cleland.

Judge Cleland, the apostle of the "parole system" in our municipal tribunal, has discredited himself in the eyes of his fellow judges, who have been sitting in judgment upon his methods. For a time it seemed as if Judge Cleland had public opinion with him. His altruistic mode of administering justice appealed to the people. Many thought that a Daniel was indeed come to judgment. The careful and deliberate investigation, however, by a committee of judges from the municipal bench, of Judge Cleland's court record, and the report of this Committee to the other judges, indicates that Judge Cleland's procedures have quite as often been inconsistent and illegal as beneficient and humane. His colleagues are a unit in condemning his policy. They term his career on the criminal bench one of "judicial anarchy," and are specific in their charges. The strictures of Chief Justice Olson are severe, even denunciatory. While public opinion may for the present be divided on the merits of this controversy, it is undoubtedly true that the majority of the people will not feel justified in upholding Judge Cleland in the face of the fact that his co-workers on the bench are satisfied that his methods are subversive of justice and contrary to the laws of the commonwealth. Possibly Judge Cleland has erred in being overzealous, or in permitting his notions of humanitarianism and unwritten law to possess him to the exclusion of any recognition of the insistent validity of written law; possibly this obsession has created an egoism that is blind to any judgments not its own. At all events, we are sorry for Judge Cleland and for the failure of his attempt to inaugurate a system that at bottom contained some principles that will endure. It will be better for him to accept his transfer to the civil branch of his court without demur, and to refrain from further argument with his peers. Charge, countercharge, answer and retort, if carried further, will only make a bad matter worse.

Taft and His Cabinet.

President Elect Taft has been on the active list of late, and is preparing himself for the momentous occasion of his inauguration with characteristic energy. His trip to Panama in the company of a corps of distinguished engineers has served to satisfy the country that all is well and going as fast as possible on the Isthmus. His sojourn in the South, his reception at New Orleans and his proposed trip as far Southwest as Texas sometime during the year, all indicate that our new executive proposes to be an effective agent in the desectionalizing of the South politically. His choice of advisers seems to have met with general approval. Besides himself five members of his cabinet, as tentatively announced, will be practical lawyers of wide experience. This indicates that such legislation as the coming administration will propose to Congress will bear the hallmark of a most careful legal approval. The constitutional technicality that for a while seemed to stand in the way of Senator Knox's appointment, has been removed by restoring the salary of the Secretary of State to its old figure. The veteran James Wilson, will be the only "holdover." There seems to be no one who can quite fill his shoes as Secretary of Agriculture, and the country, especially the farmers, would probably rise up in protest at the appointment of any one else. Mr. Taft evidently realizes this.

According to latest advices the cabinet will be made up as follows, though Mr. Taft has not yet officially sanctioned the publication of the list. Mr. Taft is still holding in abeyance the Treasury portfolio, and regarding that important place only rumors and conjectures are abroad.

Secretary of State—Philander C. Knox of Pennsylvania.

Attorney General—George W. Wickersham of New York.

Secretary of War—J. M. Dickinson of Tennessee.

Secretary of the Navy—George Von L. Meyer of Massachusetts.

Secretary of Commerce and Labor—Charles Nagel of Missouri.

Secretary of the Interior—R. A. Ballinger of Washington.

Postmaster General—Frank H. Hitchcock of Massachusetts.

Secretary of Agriculture—James Wilson of Iowa.

Madden Indicted.

All honest labor interests will be benefited if the notorious Madden shall be convicted of the charges brought against him and his lieutenants in the grand jury indictment last week. Madden's career as a labor "boss" is too well known to require comment, and the facts of his abuse of power, fattening on extortion and unscrupulous defiance of all honest ways of administering his trust as a labor leader are so well established that nothing short of absolute apathy can prevent his conviction. The city cannot afford to let a man of Madden's nefarious stamp continue in iniquity, or remain where he is a constant menace to the establishment of peaceful and harmonious relations between organized labor and organized capital.

The Voter's Duty.

"Moreover, the liquor men have indorsed friendly candidates in each ward, including those out for re-election who combated the $1000 ordinance. This list includes Hinky Dink, Johnny Powers, John Brennan, Ed Cullerton et al." (Chicago Tribune, Feb. 22, 1909). A glance at these names is enough to make every good citizen see to it, so far as in his vote lies, that men good and true, wise and experienced, shall be returned to the City Hall Council Chamber at the April election. *P. S. W.*

BUNYAN IN PRISON.

A-many lay with him in Bedford Jail—
Cutthroats and thieves and women of the street;
Spawn of all evil sprawled about his feet,
The while he dreamed his Dream and told his Tale.
What mattered it to him? Within the pale
Of those four walls, him Faithful stopped to greet
Or with stout Hopeful walked in converse sweet,
And Christian o'er Apollyon did prevail.

And so the foul wards widened when he willed—
Let in a world in little, then, narrowing, grew
To semblance of the Giant's dungeon dull;
Shifted to shapes of vale and mead—or filled
With all the Vision's glory, changed into
The shining rooms of the House Beautiful.

"Then saw I in my Dream"—The fair refrain
Sprinkles the printed page, till we forget
He had his waking hours, when the fret
Of fear that just missed madness teased his brain
Travailing with his own peculiar pain,
In every path his Pilgrim knew, he set
Feet that might stumble but linger not, and yet
Knew not the end—that was the Dream again!

What wonder, in his book, the Valley grim
Stretches ere rise the Mounts Delectable,
And the Slough lies before Emmanuel's Land,
Full many a league? God's peace came late to him
Who trod the road from Earth to Heaven, and spanned
With his rack'd soul the gulf 'twixt Heaven and Hell.

—*Frank Preston Smart in Putnam's for February.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE HORVAI MONUMENT OF THE REFORMATION.—One can never come back too often to the contemplation of a really great work of art. Rarely indeed does a modern sculptor produce a work which so profoundly impresses "all sorts and conditions of men" as does the design sent in by this little-known Hungarian artist to the competition for the international Monument of the Reformation at Geneva. Pronounced ineligible for the place and purpose in view, this design has yet touched the popular heart far more than the accepted one, and so pronounced was the demand for its retention in some form, that a fund has been raised by popular subscription to have it cast in bronze and kept as a perpetual inspiration. Here are two tributes to its inspired beauty which appeared in the *Signal de Geneve* from different pens and months apart:

"Among the designs for a monument intended to commemorate the Reformation, which were recently collected in the Federal Building, there was one that struck me particularly. On a small and lofty pedestal, Jesus Christ (standing in prayer); at his feet, to right and left, two groups of pastors and princes of the Reformation, and in front Calvin seated, and this its general inspiration:

"Jesus, in adoration about which there is nothing either effeminate or affected, the adoration of a life consecrating itself and seeking in communion with God the plenitude of that consecration, Jesus receives the divine spirit, and from him, the head, this spirit descends upon the disciples. All, even the men of action, the warriors, all, with bowed heads, in a receptive attitude, open their hearts to receive it, and Calvin, disturbed, like the Old Testament prophet, by the magnitude of the task set before him, yet incapable of resisting the divine call, finds refuge in the consciousness that he is, and that he desires to be, the instrument of the spirit of God received through Jesus Christ.

"The spirit of God, centralized in the Christ, the dominant Christ, penetrating, guiding the prime-movers and all the actors in this stupendous work of renovation; such is the admirable conception which the artist has worked out with a clearness, an elevation and a simplicity that make his design a work of art of the most effective inspiration.

"And this is, indeed, the Reformation, though not perhaps the historic Reformation. The person of the Christ did not stand forth so distinctly, was not thus put forward by the men of the sixteenth century, it was still partially enveloped in the folds of the book and in scholastic formulas. It is the Reformation grasped in its profundity, a philosophy of the Reformation; or better, the Reformation of the present and of the future. Yes, men bowed before the penetrating influence of the Christ, dreaming of reforming the world by making him to reign in it, and beginning by naming themselves the servitors of his spirit, these are the reformers of the twentieth century, those who comprehend and continue the work of their great forerunners.

"Is not this the ideal which our church has set for itself? Is it not thus that it has understood its nature and its duty? Jesus Christ only, but Jesus Christ known and served."

Another writer says: "The Horvai monument has burst forth like the cry of emotion from a deeply religious man. Others have made their appeal to history, to anecdote, to symbolism, to the imagination. He, he has listened to his own heart, and royally has that heart inspired him. Dominating the whole the personality of Jesus, from whom proceeds all that reformers and reformed have accomplished that is great, corner-stone of all that they have built which remains solid and enduring when time and reflection condemn their mistakes and sift out their errors. Below the Master, those who desired to serve him with their whole heart but who brought to his service minds limited as are the minds of men, even the most enlightened, hands weak as are the hands of men, even the most powerful.

"This is the monument of the Reformation, that of the past, the present and the future, of that unceasing reform, which can justify its beginning only by constantly returning to him who has been its real head, and to him only; of the Reformation which knows no more either hatred or bitterness, persecutors or sectarians."

And the piquant thing about it all is, that the man who has thus, by common consent, most truly grasped and inspiringly interpreted the abiding significance of the Reformation, is a Hungarian Roman catholic! M. E. H.

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PRESS OPINION

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They are sermons to inspire pure living, and high thinking, and Christian teachers, even Baptists "in their little shell," will find in them many admirable thoughts and illustrations for the encouragement of youth.—The Watchman (Boston, Mass.).

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